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TREASURE CHEST



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If you unscramble each group of letters correctly, you will spell the names of this cat's five favorite fish.



A SIMPLE DRAWING LESSON:
FIRST DRAW THIS →

THEN ADD THESE FEW LINES →

AND THE FINISHING TOUCHES →

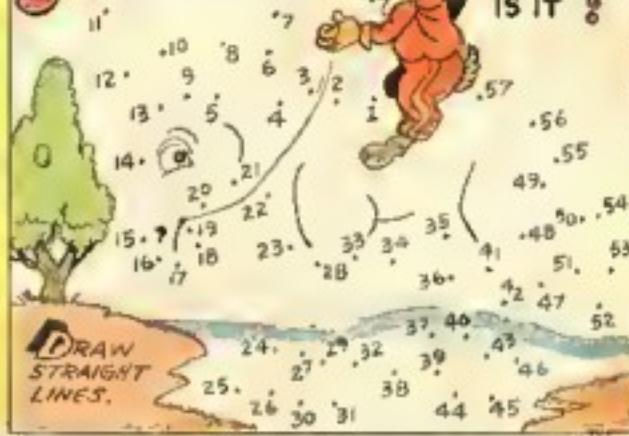


A JUNIOR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.
ACROSS:
2. OBSERVE; 4. GROUND CORN ETC.;
5. NOAH'S SHIP.



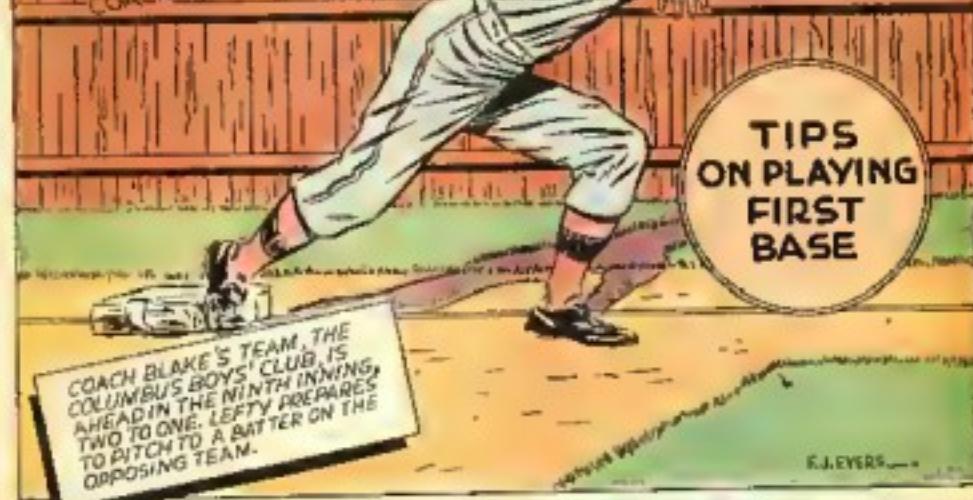
DOWN:
1. IT BEATS; 2. THE OCEAN; 3. A LARGE DEER.

JOIN THE DOTS IN NUMERICAL ORDER.



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BASEBALL AND HOW TO PLAY IT



TIPS
ON PLAYING
FIRST
BASE



TREASURE CHEST

AH, THIS IS EASY! I'LL THROW HIM OUT BEFORE HE'S HALF WAY TO FIRST BASE.

OOPS! THE BALL SLIPPED OUT OF MY HAND. NOW I'LL HAVE TO RUSH MY THROW.



TREASURE CHEST



TREASURE CHEST

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEFTY? YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN YOUR SHOWER.



IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT ANYWAY, LEFTY. GO AND TAKE YOUR SHOWER.



TELL WHITEY TO COME INTO MY OFFICE WHEN HE'S THROUGH WITH HIS SHOWER.



WHITEY! THE COACH WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED.



LATER, IN THE COACH'S OFFICE

...AND THE FUMBLE MADE THE THROW GET TO ME LATE.



I WAS RESPONSIBLE? I WAS? I DIDN'T MAKE AN ERROR IN THE WHOLE GAME!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING

THE FIRST THING TO PRACTICE IS FOOTWORK AROUND THE BASE SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE ANY SORT OF THROW.



C. WHEN THE THROW IS TO THE RIGHT SIDE...



THE FIRST THING TO DO, WHEN THE BALL IS HIT, IS TO GET TO THE BASE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. SPREAD YOUR FEET THE WIDTH OF THE BASE AND FACE THE MAN MAKING THE THROW.

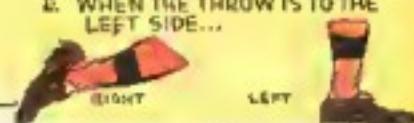
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② A. IF THE THROW IS TO YOUR RIGHT, SHIFT IN THAT DIRECTION WITH THE RIGHT FOOT, AND TAG THE BASE WITH THE TOE OF THE LEFT FOOT.

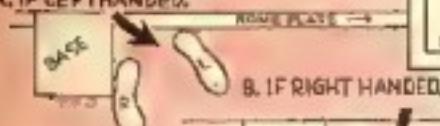
B. ON THROWS TO THE LEFT SIDE, SHIFT WITH THE LEFT FOOT AND TAG WITH THE RIGHT.

D. WHEN THE THROW IS TO THE LEFT SIDE...

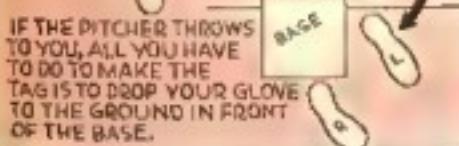


③ IF THE THROW IS DIRECTLY TO YOU, REACH INTO THE INFILD AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, TAGGING (IF YOU ARE RIGHY) WITH YOUR RIGHT FOOT, OR (IF YOU ARE LEFTY) WITH YOUR LEFT FOOT.

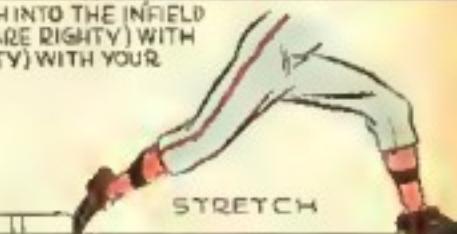
④ IF A RUNNER MUST BE HELD CLOSE TO FIRST, TAKE THIS POSITION —
A. IF LEFTHANDED.



B. IF RIGHT HANDED,



⑤ AS SOON AS THE PITCHER THROWS TO THE BATTER, JUMP AWAY FROM THE BASE AND TAKE TWO STEPS TOWARD SECOND, START WITH THE LEFT FOOT AND FACE THE BATTER.



SO YOU SEE, WHITEY, YOUR MISTAKE YESTERDAY WAS NOT STRETCHING TO MEET THE BALL. WHEN THE SHORTSTOP FUMBLED, BECAUSE OF THAT, THE RUNNER WAS SAFE.



St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland

- BY GEORGE F. FOLEY, JR.
LITTLE OF PATRICK'S EARLY LIFE IS KNOWN.
WHEN HE WAS 16 -

BORN IN 389,
THE SON OF A
ROMAN MAGISTRATE,
PATRICK'S
REAL NAME WAS
SUCCATAH.
HIS BIRTHPLACE
WAS PROBABLY
SCOTLAND.

THERE GOES
CALPHURNIUS' SON.
A SPIRITED LUG
HE IS!

HIS MOTHER
IS MINTO MARTIN
OF TOURS.

I WANT YOU TO STAY
NEAR THE HOUSE.
BARBARIANS ARE
AGAIN RAIDING
OUR SHORES.

YES,
FATHER.

BUT THE NEXT DAY PATRICK WANDERS
NEAR THE WATER.

... AND WAS CARRIED OFF INTO
A BOAT.

LANDED SOMEWHERE ON THE
IRISH COAST, PATRICK WAS SOLD
INTO SLAVERY.

THERE IS
A STRONG
BOY.

WAIT UNTIL HE
IS FARTHER FROM
THE HOUSE. HIS
FATHER MAY
HEAR US!

LET ME GO!
MY FATHER
IS A ROMAN
OFFICER.

YOU'LL NEVER
SEE MY FATHER
OR ANY OTHER
ROMAN OFFICER AGAIN...

HE IS STRONG,
AND THAT IS
WHAT COUNTS.

PATRICK TENDED THE FLOCKS
AND SERVED AS A SLAVE IN THE
HOUSEHOLD OF MYS MILCHU.

IN THOSE DAYS, DRUDGUM
WAS THE RELIGION OF IRELAND.
MUCHU WAS A DRUDGUM PRIEST.

YOU'LL CLEAN THIS PLACE
BY DAY AND TEND THE
SHEEP BY NIGHT.

OUR MASTER
CAN MAKE DARKNESS
COVER THE LAND, AND
HE CAN CAST
STRANGE SPELLS
OVER MEN.

WHAT
EVIL POWER!
IS THERE NO
GOOD IN
THIS LAND?

LONGING FOR HIS HOME AND
FAMILY, THE BOY PRAYED OFTEN.

OH, LORD, THERE IS
NO PEACE HERE YET.
TWO LANDS COULD KNOW
PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

IN TIME, HOWEVER, PATRICK MADE FRIENDS WITH THE CHILDREN OF MELCHU.

TREASURE CHEST

PATRICK WOULD TELL THEM OF HIS HOME AND HIS CHURCH. THEY BECAME STANCH FRIENDS.

FOR SIX YEARS, PATRICK HAD PLOTTED HIS ESCAPE. ONE MORNING .



HE DROVE THE SHEEP OUT OF SIGHT OF
THE HOUSE.

NEXT DAY, MILES AWAY, HE WAS TIRED AND
HUNGRY.



THE STRANGER PROVED TO
BE A FRIEND.

TRAVELING NIGHT AND DAY
PATRICK CROSSED IRELAND
AND REACHED A SEAPORT
WHERE HE BOARDED A SHIP
FOR BRITAIN.

HOME AGAIN, HE DECIDED TO
ENTER THE MONASTERY OF HIS
UNCLE, MARTIN OF TOURS.



ABOUT A YEAR LATER, MANNIN DEO, PATRICK CONTINUED HIS STUDIES UNDER ST. GERMANUS.



YOU ARE A GOOD STUDENT AND SOME DAY YOU WILL BE A SCHOLAR, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD STUDY IN ROME.

TREASURE CHEST

THEN HE TOLD ST. GERMANUS ABOUT IRELAND



I WILL RECOMMEND YOUR REQUEST TO ROME.



JUST BEFORE SETTING SAIL, PALLADIUS DIED. PATRICK WAS CONSECRATED A BISHOP AND GIVEN CHARGE OF THE MISSION. HE SET SAIL IN 433.



SAILING NORTH, PATRICK LANDED AT THE MOUTH OF THE BOINE. THE PEOPLE WERE AMAZED TO HEAR PATRICK SPEAK GAELIC.



THE FOLLOWING YEAR HE ATTEMPTED TO LAND AT WICKLOW HEAD.



THE FIRST DAY HE CONVERTED SOULS, BUT PATRICK WAS THINKEES OF ALCHO.



NEXT DAY, DILCHU, A NEARBY KING,
THREATENED PATRICK.



THE NEWS OF PATRICK'S FIRST MIRACLE WENT
BEFORE HIM TO THE THRONE OF MILCHU.

YOUR FORMER SLAVE
BOT IS COMING BACK
WITH GREATER POWERS
THAN ANY DRUID.

AND
DILCHU IS
NOW HIS
FOLLOWER



CRAZED WITH TERROR AND FEAR THAT
PATRICK WOULD ROB HIM, MILCHU BURNED
ALL HIS POSSESSIONS



AS PATRICK DREW NEAR, MILCHU
FLUNG HIMSELF INTO THE FLAMES

I DID NOT WANT
HIS MONEY. I
WAS HIS SLAVE
AND HE BROUGHT
ME RANSOM
TO HIM.

HE WENT
MAD WITH
FEAR.

BUT MENEDU'S CHILDREN
REMEMBERED PATRICK
AND WERE CONVICTED.

THEY SAY THE GIRL
IS GOING TO FOUND A
CONVENT HERE.



PATRICK THEN WENT TO ZARA, THE
MEETING PLACE OF THE DRUIDS
IT WAS NEARLY EASTER

YOU MUST NOT
LIGHT ANY FIRES
UNTIL SUNDAY
THAT IS A
DRUID LAW

THE LAW OF
THE CHURCH CALLS
FOR PASCAL FIRE ON HOLY
SATURDAY ---
AND THIS IT
WILL BE.



BETTING UP AN ALTAR ON A HILL OPPOSITE TARA, PATRICK LIGHTED THE PASCAL FIRE.



ALL NIGHT LONG THE DRUDS TRIED WITH THEIR WITCHCRAFT TO KILL PATRICK. AT DAWN, PATRICK CELEBRATED EASTER MASS.



THE SPELL OF THE DRUDS BROKEN, THE KING OF ALL IRELAND CALLED PATRICK BEFORE HIM.



IMPRESSIONED, THE KING GAVE PATRICK THE FREEDOM OF IRELAND. WITHIN THIRTY YEARS ALL THE LAND WAS CONVERTED. IT IS A GLORIOUS CHAPTER IN THE MISSION HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.



RECALL A MOMENT TO THE TIME OF ST. PATRICK, HIS DEDICATED CHARGE TO HIS DAY

Sandy in Spangles

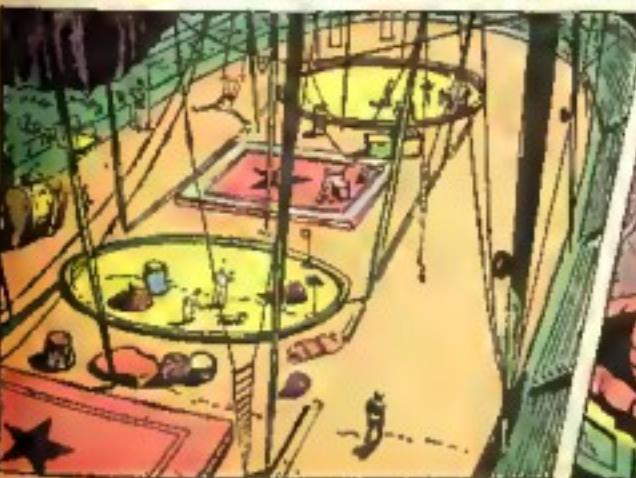
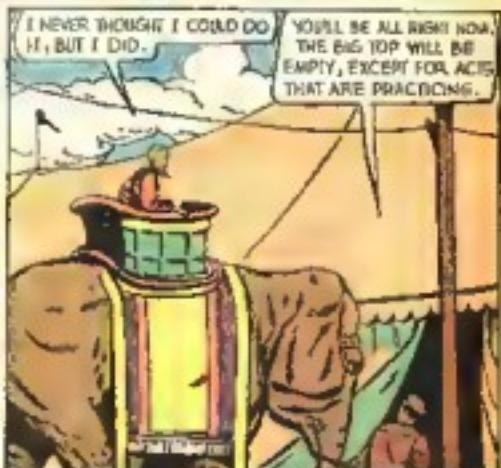
DIXIE WILSON

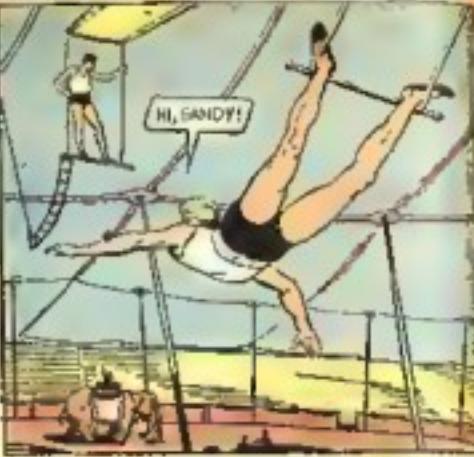
PART 5

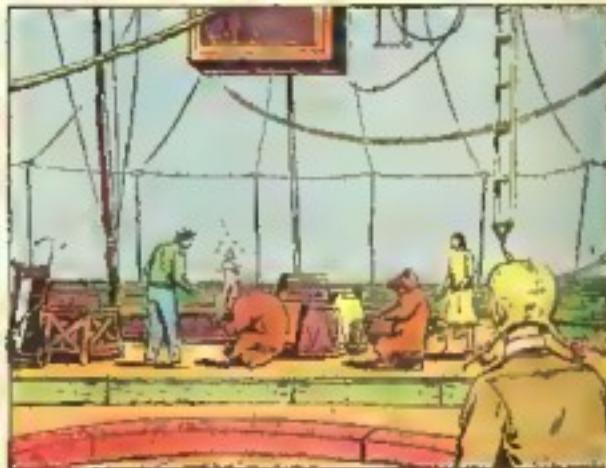
SIXTEEN YEAR OLD SANDY MAGILL, FAIRER FOR ADVENTURE, JOINED THE GREAT HALEY CIRCUS TO WORK IN THE SPANGLED BEAR ACT OF HER FRIENDS, THE BRONSONS. THE SHOW WAS JUST ABOUT TO OPEN FOR THE SEASON, WHEN SHE WAS TOLD THAT SHE WAS TO RIDE ALONZO, THE SHOW'S LARGEST ELEPHANT, IN THE GRAND ENTRY PARADE.

THE BOSS SAID YOU'RE TO TAKE A TURN AROUND THE BIG TOP ON ROWDIE RIGHT NOW.

BUT HOW CAN I TORBEE GET UP THERE?







TREASURE CHEST





CHUCK WHITE

PART
21

A CAR SOLD BY CHUCK IS INVOLVED IN A SERIOUS ACCIDENT. THE POLICE AND ELLIUME BEGIN TO CLOSE IN ON THE STOLEN CAR RACKETEERS, OF WHOM CHUCK IS THE INNOCENT VICTIM.

LOOK AT THIS CROWD! ANYBODY SEE A PLACE TO PARK?

THERE IS ROOM, DAD! PLEASE HURRY UP. I WANT TO SEE THAT GAME!

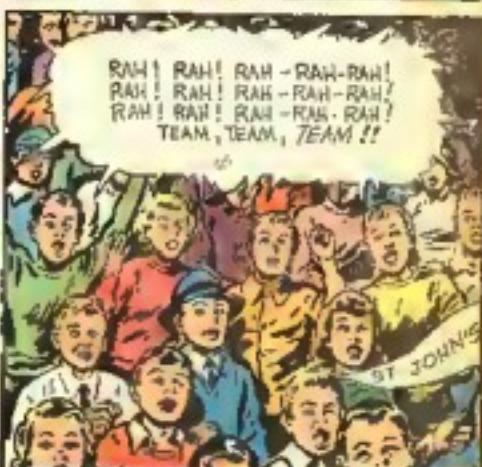


ARE YOU SURE YOU
CAN PLAY WITH THAT
TORN LIGAMENT IN YOUR
SHOULDER? I THINK
YOU'D BETTER ...

MY ARM'S ALL RIGHT,
FATHER, REALLY IT IS!
I CAN PLAY ALL RIGHT,
DON'T TAKE ME
OUT! THIS IS THE
CHAMPIONSHIP,
FATHER!

OKAY, AL! YOU
MAY START, BUT IF
I SEE THAT SHOULDER
TAKING A BEATING,
I'LL TAKE YOU
OUT

RIGHT, FATHER! THANKS!



THE TOSS. THE GAME BEGINS!



ST. JOHN'S GETS THE BALL

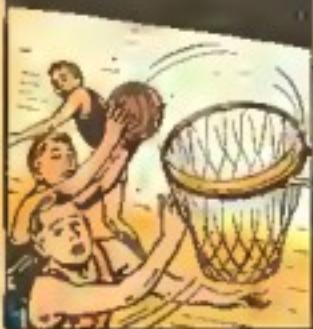


UNION CITY DEFENDS STRONGLY.
GRATZ, ST. JOHN'S FORWARD,
CUTS FOR THE BASKET TO TAKE
A PASS.



TREASURE CHEST

HE SHOOTS - AND MISSES!
UNION CITY TAKES OVER...



...AND MAKES IT! UNION
CITY HAS DRAWN FIRST BLOOD!

ONLY A THREE-POINT LEAD
IN THIRD QUARTER. DO YOU
THINK WE CAN HOLD IT?

I DON'T KNOW.
AND I DON'T
LIKE THE WAY
AL LOOKS.





BUT COLVAN PLAYS TOO FAR FORWARD.
UNION CITY CUTS IN BEHIND HIM . . .



. . . AND SCORES EASIEY!

UNION CITY 20
ST. JOHN'S 21



ST. JOHN'S
CAN'T WIN
NOW! WE'RE
GUNK WITHOUT
AL!

COME ON,
ST. JOHN'S!
COME ON!
YOU CAN
DO IT!

TWO MINUTES TO PLAY

UNION CITY 31
ST. JOHN'S 25

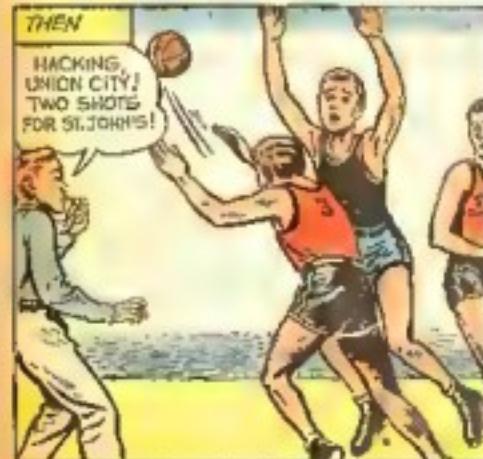
ST. JOHN'S,
TIME OUT!

THEY'RE GUARDING US
TOO CLOSELY. WE'LL
NEVER GET THROUGH!

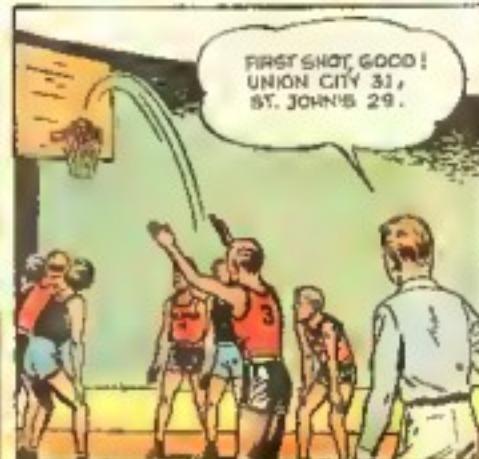


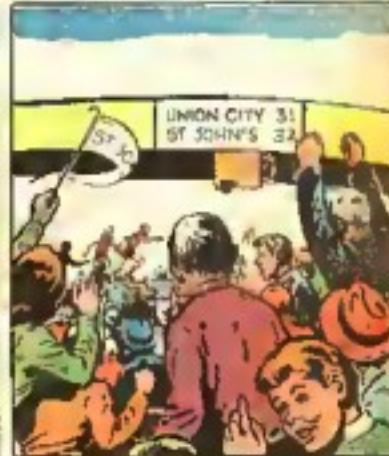
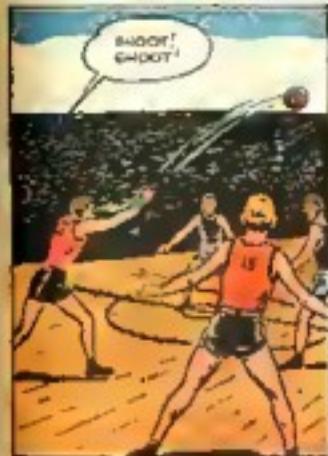
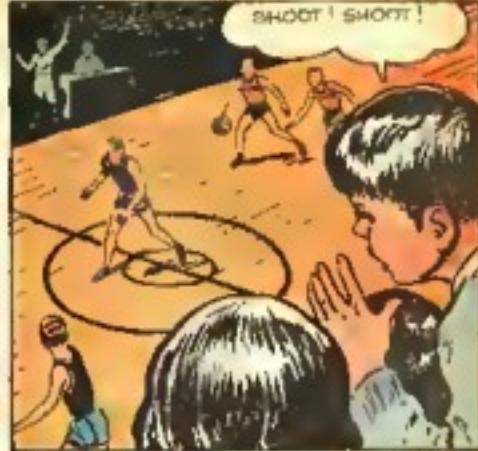
THEN

HACKING,
UNION CITY!
TWO SHOTS
FOR ST. JOHN'S!



FIRST SHOT GOOD!
UNION CITY 31,
ST. JOHN'S 29.





THEY WERE REBUILT AT A SMALL GARAGE NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN, CALLED THE ACME GARAGE, AND SOLD FROM THERE. THE GARAGE OWNER IS "BING" BOND.

DON'T KNOW HIM.

TWO OF THEM WERE SOLD BY CHUCK WHITE, ONE BY A BOY NAMED BILL RANKIN, AND THE OTHER BY CARL ADAMS.

I KNOW THEM, ALL RIGHT. RANKIN AND ADAMS WERE TWO OF THE GANG CHUCK GOT INTO TROUBLE WITH BEFORE. LOOKS AS IF HE'S BACK WITH THEM AGAIN.



YES, BROPHY! DRIVE US WILL YOU?



HERE WE ARE
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT BOND?

NO, ONLY
THAT HE
DOESN'T
SEEM TO
HAVE MUCH
BUSINESS.



AND YET, HE HAS
SOLD FIVE REBUILT
CARS IN THE LAST
SIX WEEKS, AND
MAYBE MORE THAT
WE DON'T KNOW
ABOUT. DOES
ANYBODY WORK
FOR HIM?

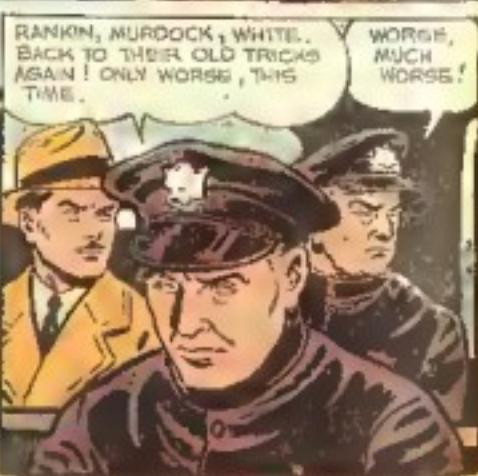
NOT THAT I KNOW
OF

LOOK
THERE!



AFTER YOU,
MR. RANKIN!

YOU FIRST,
MR. MURDOCK!
I INSIST!



RANKIN, MURDOCK, WHITE.
BACK TO THEIR OLD TRICKS AGAIN! ONLY WORSE, THIS TIME.

WORSE,
MUCH
WORSE!

WHY DO BOYS HAVE TO GET MIXED UP IN A SERIOUS THING LIKE THIS? IF THEY ONLY REALIZED WHAT WILL -- WHAT MUST COME OF IT!

YES! AND I DID LIKE THAT CHECK WHITE TOO!



NEXT DAY

HELLO, CHUCK!
... JOE! HELLO,
FATHER BURKE.



ALL SET
FOR A BIG
EASTER
DINNER?

SURE, FATHER.
JOE'S FAMILY
AND MY FATHER
ARE COMING OVR
TO MRS BLAKES.
WE'LL HAVE LAMB
AND ALL THE
TRIMMINGS.

THE WORLD SEEMS
A PRETTY GOOD
PLACE TO YOU NOW,
DOESN'T IT,
CHUCK?

THAT'S
RIGHT,
FATHER.



YOU WERE FAITHFUL
TO DAILY MASS AND
HOLY COMMUNION
DURING LENT, JOE,
I WISH MORE OF THE
BOYS HAD FOLLOWED
YOUR FINE EXAMPLE.

THANK
YOU,
FATHER.



WELL, RUN ALONG AND ENJOY YOUR
VACATION. WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU
WHEN IT'S OVER.



I DIDN'T EXACTLY THINK ABOUT IT
UNTIL FATHER BURKE MENTIONED IT,
BUT THE WORLD IS A PRETTY FINE
PLACE, ISN'T IT?



TO BE CONTINUED

To the village of Pensmaria,
where Paul lived,
came word that
a terrible dragon
was heading in
that direction.

The legend of the **SNAPDRAGON**

BY
MARGARET
FOLEY

WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE
KILL THE DRAGON?

THE DRAGON'S SKIN IS SO
TOUGH THAT NOTHING HAS
BEEN ABLE TO PIERCE IT.

WE'LL EAT UP ALL OUR FOOD
AND CROPS, AS WE
DID IN OTHER VILLAGES.

WE'LL ALL
STARVE!

OVER THE
FIREPLACE IN
PAUL'S COTTAGE,
HUNG A SWORD
THAT HIS FATHER
HAD GIVEN HIM.
IF THE SWORD
WERE USED FOR
DOING A GOOD
DEED, IT WOULD
GIVE EXTRA
STRENGTH TO
ITS OWNER.

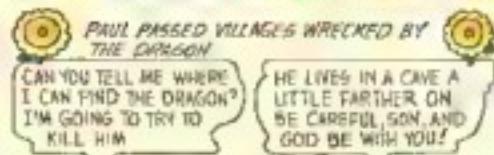
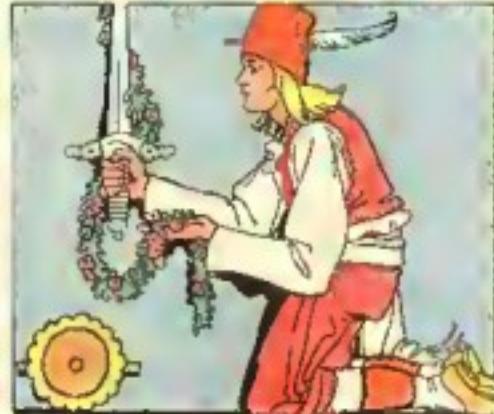
I WONDER IF I COULD
KILL THE DRAGON WITH
MY MAGIC SWORD.



PAUL DECIDED THAT
HE WOULD TRY TO
SLAY THE MONSTER.

BE CAREFUL,
PAUL.

WE WILL
PRAY FOR
YOU.



PAUL PASSED VILLAGES WRECKED BY
THE DRAGON.

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE
I CAN FIND THE DRAGON?
I'M GOING TO TRY TO
KILL HIM.

HE LIVES IN A CAVE A
LITTLE FARTHER ON.
BE CAREFUL, SON, AND
GOD BE WITH YOU!



PAUL FOUND THE CAVE HE COULD HEAR THE ROAR OF THE DRAGON'S BREATHING WITHIN IT.

HOW SHALL I EVER GET HIM OUT OF THE CAVE TO KILL HIM?

JUST THEN, A LITTLE BIRD PERCHED ON PAUL'S SWORD.

I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE COME TO KILL THE DRAGON, AND I WANT TO HELP YOU.

THANK YOU, LITTLE BIRD, BUT I HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL HE COMES OUT OF THE CAVE.

I CAN GET HIM OUT.



YOU CAN?

YES, I SHALL SING. THE DRAGON HATES TO HEAR BIRDS SING AND HE COMES OUT AT ONCE TO TRY TO CATCH THEM.

HOW SHALL I KNOW WHEN HE'S COMING OUT, SO I MAY BE READY WITH MY SWORD?

WHEN I SEE HIM COMING, I'LL WARN YOU WITH A SNAPPING SOUND.



BUT I DON'T WANT THE DRAGON TO SEE YOU AND HURT YOU, LITTLE BIRD.

NEVER FEAR! I'LL BE WELL HIDDEN.

PAUL WAITED, WHILE THE BIRD SANG BEAUTIFULLY.

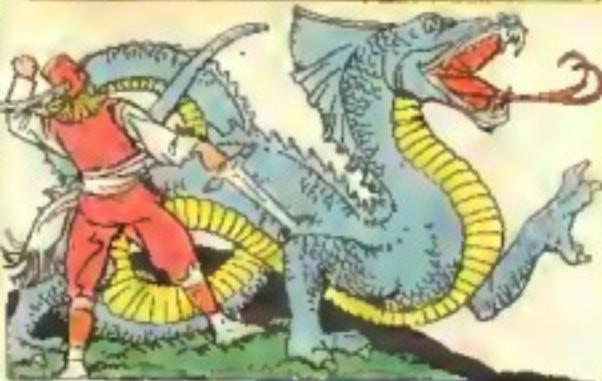


TREASURE CHEST

THEN, SUDDENLY, CAME THE WARNING!
PAUL HELD THE MAGIC SWORD READY.



WHEN THE DRAGON CAME OUT, PAUL MADE A QUICK Lunge. THE MAGIC SWORD CUT RIGHT THROUGH THE LEATHERY SKIN AND INTO THE DRAGON'S HEART.

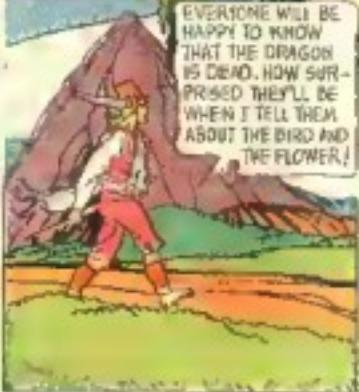


YOU HELPED ME SAVE MANY LIVES, LITTLE BIRD. TELL ME, HOW DID YOU MAKE THAT SNAPPING SOUND?

WITH THIS FLOWER, WHEN I PULLED ITS PETAL DOWN WITH MY BILL, IT SNAPPED BACK.



AFTER TURNING THE BIRD, PAUL STARTED BACK TO PENSAMANIA.



BUT WHEN PAUL REACHED PENSAMANIA, HE FOUND EVERYONE ALREADY ARRIVING AND WELCOMING HIM HOME.

WE'VE HEARD THE GOOD NEWS, PAUL!

AND ALL ABOUT THE LITTLE BIRD AND THE SNAPDRAGON.



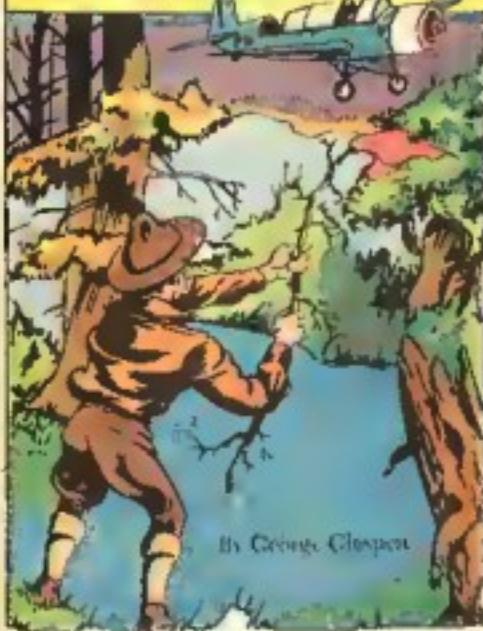
THE SNAPDRAGON?

YES FROM NOW ON WE'LL CALL THAT SNAPPING FLOWER THE "SNAPDRAGON."

THAT'S THE SAME SNAPDRAGON YOU KNEW TODAY. IT REALLY SNAPS, TOO. TRY IT SOMETIME.



KNOW-it-all JOE



By George Clossen

THERE was not much really wrong with Joe Wilkinson. He was a fine looking boy, a better than average athlete, and he did well in his class work. In fact, were it not for one thing, Joe might have been the most popular boy in school. Joe was a know-all.

It is boring to listen to someone who knows everything—or thinks he does. The wiser a man gets, the more he realizes how little he does know. But not Joe. He was an authority on all subjects. Just to impress his friends, he rarely missed a chance to interrupt or contradict them.

That was why Joe was thrown off the football team. He was a good runner and a fine tackler. What's more, he could kick, and it was always good to have a man in the back field who could kick the team out of a hole during a game. So Joe had gone up as left halfback. And for the first few games he had done very well.

As at everything else, Joe just would not stay as left halfback. Jack O'Toole, the quarterback,

who called all the plays, had good football sense. He always managed to pick the play which found the other team off balance. During one game, he called for Joe to kick. It was only third down, but the other team was not prepared for a kick, and it would have caught them napping. Joe went back into kick formation, but, instead of kicking, he decided to run with the ball.

This ruined the play. The other team rushed in, throwing Jack for a five-yard loss. What was worse, he fumbled the ball, the other team recovered, and they went on to score a touchdown and win the game. Once more Joe did that, before Jack O'Toole asked him to leave the team.

"As long as I am Captain, I call the signals," said Jack. "We can't use a man, no matter how good he is, who won't play for the team."

"Oh, you just don't know a smart player when you see one," answered Joe. "I know more about football than all you fellows put together." But he left the team.

Another time, he was dismissed as an altar boy. It happened at Christmas. Father Kramer had selected the eighth grade boys to serve Midnight Mass. They had to rehearse, for they had never served Solemn Mass before. Father Kramer wanted the ceremonies at Midnight Mass to be flawless.

Joe was one of the boys selected. But he didn't attend rehearsal. That afternoon he stayed at home. His sister Jean, a seventh-grader at Holy Innocents School, knew that Joe should have been at rehearsal.

"Why, Joe, you're supposed to be at the rehearsal," she said when she came home and found him. "You had better hurry or you won't be permitted to serve Midnight Mass. And you know how much Mother and Dad want you to be in the sanctuary this Christmas."

"Rehearsals are for those 'younks' who don't know how to serve," said Joe as he laughed at her. "I know all about serving Mass. And don't

"I'll be on the altar all right."

Joe was right. He sat with Midnight Mass. He had told Sister Ruth that he could not come to rehearsal because of his errand. Sister believed him and permitted him to serve.

But Joe was conspicuous in his blunders in the sanctuary. He did not know where to stand or kneel. The other altar boys had toudge him, or pull his cowlcock, to prevent his walking the wrong way. Father Kramer, knowing that Joe had not been at rehearsal, was asked. He felt that Joe was a distraction to the parishioners. And it Christmas, of all times!

To make matters worse, Sister Ruth discovered that Joe had lied about his errand. Joe was hauled from the altar.

These things might have made him clumsy as it is. Instead, he became worse. His knowledge-all master was more evident than ever in class, for Joe began to believe that since he knew everything, he need not study. Little by little his marks went down. Not only was he losing his friends, but there were indications that he might not be promoted.

There is no way of knowing what might have happened to Joe, were it not for the second link to the Alpine Woods. Joe had been a Scout for awhile, but he had not attended meetings regularly. And finally he was dropped from the troop roll.

Every Washington's Birthday, the Scouts hiked to the Alpine Woods. The troop went to seven o'clock Mass and then took a trolley to Westfield, right on the border of the Woods. Then followed a three-hour hike to the Doe Striker Cabin, the campsite, where they had lunch.

Joe liked to hike and he asked the Scout Master if he might go. At first, the Scout Master was going to say "no." But he had heard that Joe was getting into trouble and he thought that a day with the Scouts might help Joe. So after the boy had promised to attend meetings in the future, the Scout Master let him join the hike.

Washington's Birthday was a cloudless day. The walk through the woods was difficult and, by noon, when the Scouts arrived at the cabin, they were hungry and tired. They set up fires and cooked the food they had carried in their knapsacks. After having cleaned up,

they were all set for some fun in the woods.

The campsite was in a dense section of the Alpine Forest. But it was laid out so that, within a half-mile of the site, the trails were marked. This minimized the danger of getting lost. However, the boys had been forbidden to go beyond shooting distance of the camp. The woods were tricky, and darkness fell early during February.

The troop scattered. Some of the boys began to build a lean-to. Others tried their hand at building a dam. Jack O'Toole and his pals decided to build a big campfire. At night they would gather around, singing and telling stories. This was one of the finest features of the hike.

Joe asked John Bright to go for a walk. Soon they were in the midst of gray trees, out of sight of the camp. The voices of their fellow Scouts grew dim and dimmer, and finally were lost to the ear.

"We had better turn back," suggested John after awhile.

"Oh, don't worry. I know this place like a book," answered Joe, as they continued on deeper and deeper in the woods.

"Joe, I don't think you do know where you are going, and I'm going back," John said at last. Anxiously, they started back, returning the way they had come, they thought. But, after an hours' tramp, they were back again at the small clearing. They had been walking in a circle. Again and again they tried. Joe maintained a bold front, but, when the skies began to darken, John started to whimper. Every dozen steps or so, the boys stopped to listen, then whistled and shouted, and listened again. Their calls brought no response.

Brave Joe began to wail. As night fell about them, the wind in the trees, the creaking of branches, the falling of pine needles, and the movement of small animals brought eerie sounds to the boys' ears. They were lost in the deep Alpine Forest—and Joe was just plain scared and made no bones about it. John was prancing on his fingers in the dark, and his prayers were punctuated by snuffles.

"Don't be a cry baby," Joe said. "We'll get out of this somehow. We're not lost." But Joe's voice had lost its confidence.

"Not lost? Not much!" John retorted. "And

you're the cause of it all. If we ever get out of this, I'll know better than to rely on you.' John's voice was bitter in the darkness.

"John, you're right. I am wrong," Joe admitted, surprised at himself. "But, if I ever get out of this, I'll never be a know-it-all again!" For the first time in his life, Joe was badly frightened.

Meanwhile, the Scout Master had organized search parties to find the missing Scouts. They had scoured the wooded hills, but the search had proved futile. Long after sundown, the searchers had returned to camp. Fear had settled on the entire group.

The Scout Master sent all, save three, of the boys back to their homes, and the three patrol leaders remained at camp. They telephoned to the State Police and reported the missing boys. A helicopter with strong searchlights trudged over miles of forest, while, above, a police plane circled low over the entire area. But keen eyes and sharp ears could find no sign of the lost boys.

Early the next morning, the Scout leaders and the police resumed their search. It was

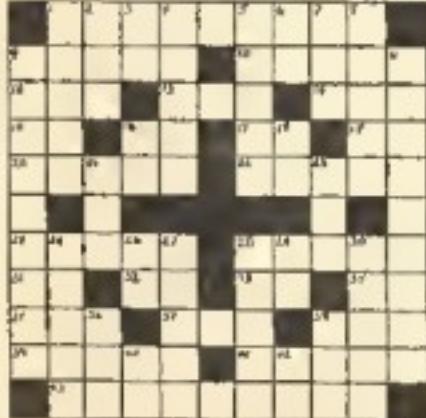
about ten o'clock when the boys, hungry, frightened, and numb with cold, heard the droning of a plane motor. Joe made his way to a clearing where, with his red handkerchief, he waved frantically at the plane.

The pilot caught Joe's signal. Dipping his wings, he flew back to report the boys' location. For two hours more, the boys waited, growing hungrier by the minute. Finally police and Scouts reached the spot. The boys were safe!

Joe had learned his lesson the hard way. After the review, he was true to his word. He realized that he and John might never have come out of the woods alive. Grateful to be back home and at school again, Joe determined to study hard. And, because he had conquered his know-it-all attitude, he lost no time in winning back his friends. To top it all, Sister Ruth recommended him as an altar boy.

This year, Joe is pitching on the Holy Innocents School team, with Jack O'Toole as catcher. When Jack gives the signal for a certain pitch, he knows it will come in as called. Joe has become a really smart boy. He has learned that nobody knows everything.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

- Site of Solomon's Temple
- All the _____
- Authorised worshipful
- Jaffa, Throne of
- Post at the mouth
- Cities
- Steepness
- Note of the musical scale
- Earth
- Electrical Engineer, 13
- Fall into a certain
- God protects
- Symbol of the Christian religion
- Reward for outstanding skill
- Central clothes which when dry require no ironing
- Possess a residence
- Character, disposition
- Reputation
- Rechristened Maria, 13
- Part of a pen
- Thorough
- Police hall
- Tin hat
- Devout, zealous
- Unusually慷慨的, as Holy Eucharist

DOWN

- The Valley of David
- King of the cannibals
- Four 1
- Right letter 1
- House on coveneyron
- Much pity and no punishment
- Name of Constant
- Reward of victory
- Kind of shaper, 10
- Small
- Books catalogue the Old _____
- Apostolic benediction
- Behold!
- Senior infants 1
- The smell of incense
- Removed from
- A dozen rulers
- Morning
- Father Demian became
- Cenaculum at the _____
- Sense of taste
- Native dress
- Group of primitive people
- City of 14 shrines
- Jesus
- District of Columbia
- Father P. _____
- It ate "apple".

ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE PAGES THAT APPEARED
IN THE LAST ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST

PANEL ONE

- PAINT, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER
- FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS
- DUMB DONG BILL
- THREE BLIND MICE

PANEL TWO

- | | | |
|---------|---|---|
| 2 | 3 | 9 |
| B | I | 5 |
| 7 | 4 | 6 |
| 1 8 0 0 | | |

PANEL THREE
TWO ELEPHANTS

CROSSWORD PUZZLE PAGE



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